

## When Sister Hannah Came

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Dorothy Spencer, spinster and forty years old, lived in the outskirts of the village of Grafton. She kept a servant and a cow, had a cat and lived in a comfortable way on her income. She was neither homely nor good looking. She had a widowed sister living in Iowa, and one day that sister arrived on a visit. Her name was Hannah, and, like most other widows, she was full of business. There were things she wanted to know about almost before she had taken her bonnet off, and there was one thing in particular that she lost no time in bringing forward.

"Now, then," she said as she got seated in the big rocking chair, "I want to know why you haven't married. It's



HE SAT AND TALKED OF CHICKEN POX AND MEASLES.

nothing less than a burning shame that you have lived to your age without catching a husband."

"I-I haven't been asked," was the embarrassed reply of the sister.

"But why not?"

"I-I don't know."

"Then we'll find out. Haven't you kept company with any one?"

"Y-es."

"For how long?"

"Please let's not talk about it, sister. Were the Perkins family well when you left home?"

"Never you mind the Perkins family, but pay attention to this other matter. What's the name of the man you've been keeping company with?"

"It's Henry Goodheart. I don't know whether you'd call it keeping company or not. He comes Sunday and Wednesday evenings and talks for awhile."

"Twice a week, eh? And how long has he kept this up?"

"Nine years."

"Dorothy Spencer!" exclaimed Sister Hannah, as she almost sprang out of her chair. "Do you mean to tell me that a man has been dawdling around here for nine years and never said a word about marriage?"

"But he's one of the most bashful men you ever saw," protested Dorothy, "and I-I!"

"You are going to say you couldn't ask him to marry you. Of course you couldn't, but you could have brought him to time years ago."

"He's a very nice man, and everybody thinks so. I guess he thinks I don't want to get married to any one."

"What business has he to think that? Of course you want to get married. Every woman does. All widows and single women are just dying to be asked. Nine long years, and he has not asked for your hand! I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere and have come on to see about it. I have been married three times in eighteen years, and I'm expecting the fourth man to come along any day. I didn't keep company with any of my husbands over six months. After that time had passed I just wanted to know what they were hanging around for. Dorothy, something has got to be done. That Goodheart or Goodliver or whatever his name is has got to come to time."

"Please, Sister Hannah. If you should go to mixing in I'd be so ashamed that I'd feel like running away."

"You leave it to me and don't worry. I'm older than you are. I've had three husbands and know how I got 'em. They were all bashful men. I shan't do anything to shame you."

It was a conspiracy of one. Neither Dorothy nor Mr. Goodheart was taken into the widow's confidence. She had been in the house three days when Sunday evening came, and he showed up on his biweekly tour. The widow liked him. He was slow, but sturdy and honest. He didn't look or talk love. He talked more of sunflowers and onions than he did of love. Dorothy was

at ease, as she did not know what was coming, and her heart beat like a triphammer as the widow finally said: "Mr. Goodheart, I think I shall take Dorothy back to Iowa with me when I go."

He gave a start of alarm, and the red came to his face. He made no reply, however, and soon took his departure.

"How could you?" exclaimed Dorothy, with a glance of reproach as the gate was heard to latch behind the man.

"I wanted to jar him," replied the widow. "He'll be over here within a day or two and ask you to make him happy."

"But it will look as if we were dragging him in by the hair of the head." "Never you mind the looks. The great object is to get married."

Mr. Goodheart didn't show up till his usual Wednesday evening, however. About the time he was expected the widow was at the gate to meet him. When they had saluted each other she said:

"Mr. Goodheart, I want to ask you a question in confidence."

"Yes?"

"I understand that a sewing machine agent who comes through these parts is very much smitten on Dorothy. Is his occupation an honorable one? Do you think him the man to love and care for her? As her elder sister I feel like a guardian toward her."

Mr. Goodheart gave a start, and his hand on the gate trembled. He had to wait a minute before he could trust his voice, and then he answered that he didn't go much on sewing machine agents. The widow sighed and said it was a cold world, and the two went into the house together. Her object had been to arouse the spark of jealousy, but after the man had stayed his usual hour and departed she could not tell whether it was a success or not. He had talked about as usual.

"Did you say anything to him out at the gate?" asked Dorothy.

"None of your business whether I did or not. He's the woodenest man in four states, but I'll bring him to the mark. He has either got to show his hand or dust along and make room for somebody else. I imagine he'll be around tomorrow night."

"It's awful, sister; positively awful," said Dorothy as the tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Goodheart did not make his appearance at the time expected. He was in no hurry to get up a feeling of jealousy. The widow was provoked. On Sunday evening she met him a quarter of a mile down the road and gave him more of her confidence. She confided to him the fact that Dorothy was one of the best housekeepers for a hundred miles around. She was also economical; also loving and clinging in her disposition. Mr. Goodheart agreed to all this, but during his hour he sat and talked of chicken pox and measles and went away as placid and serene as usual. The widow had no remarks to make, but she did a heap of thinking. She knew that Mr. Goodheart would be hoeing potatoes in a certain field next morning, and at 9 o'clock she went there. She didn't have any time to waste.

"Mr. Goodheart," she began, "at the time I spoke to you about the sewing machine man I didn't know that you and sister were engaged. You really must excuse me. When talking with you last night I did not know that the marriage day had been set for the 14th of next month. I congratulate you. You will have one of the best wives in the state. I shall stay to the wedding and tender you my heartiest wishes."

The man stammered and blushed and looked around for a way to escape. There was none. The widow had run him to earth.

"Yes, just so," was all he could say, but a month later he was on hand for the wedding.

"Here only two weeks, and yet see what I have done!" said Sister Hannah after the knot had been tied hard and fast. "I tell you, Dorothy, the way to get married is—to get married. I've tried it three times and ought to know."

### Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

### Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. Some years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible

rain of ashes that fell upon that city in 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all of its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soapmaking business was carried on in several of the Italian cities. Pliny the elder speaks of soap and says that because its price was so high many substitutes were used, among them a kind of glutinous earth and fine sand mixed in the juice of certain plants that made lather. As early as 700 A. D. there were many soap factories in both Italy and Spain, and about 750 A. D. the Phoenicians introduced the business into France, the first factories being established at Marseilles.

### Women Sailors.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland and are often found to be excellent mariners. In Denmark several women are employed as state officials at sea, and particularly in the pilot service. They go out to meet the incoming ships; they climb nimbly out of their boats; they show their official diploma, and they steer the newcomer safely into the harbor. It is the same in Finland.

### And He Got Her.

Mr. Millyuns—Is it my daughter you want or is it her money? Jack Gingleton (amateur champion for 100 yards)—Sir! You surprise me. You know very well that I'm an amateur athlete. Mr. Millyuns—What's that got to do with it? Jack Gingleton—A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money.—London Telegraph.

### Strong.

Fair Customer—Have you any good butter? Dairyman—Certainly, madam. My reputation rests upon my wares. Fair Customer—If the last I got of you was a fair sample, your reputation certainly rests on a strong foundation.—Chicago News

### NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The recent fire on Astor street disclosed a state of affairs that is intolerable.

Old mattresses, umbrellas, broken furniture, rags and combustible filth of all descriptions are thrown into the back yards of the houses. Such refuse makes good kindling for fires and furnishes food for flames, thereby endangering the lives and property of the people.

This condition of affairs obtains, not only on Astor street, but also on Bond, Commercial and other streets; and after consultation with the Committee on Fire and Water, it has been decided to give public notice to all concerned, that all such premises must be cleaned up within thirty days from date.

At the expiration of that period, members of the Committee on Fire and Water, together with the Chief of Police and Chief of the Fire Department, will make a tour of inspection, and all corporations, firms or individuals, failing to clean up will be prosecuted, in accordance with the ordinances of the city.

HERMAN WISE, Mayor.

Astoria, May 7, 1906.

"Vacation Estimates" on the coast of a summer's outing in Colorado and Utah, is the theme of the newest booklet issued by the Passenger Department of the Denver & Rio Grand Railroad. One is told what can be done or seen on an expedition of \$10.00 per week and up.

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